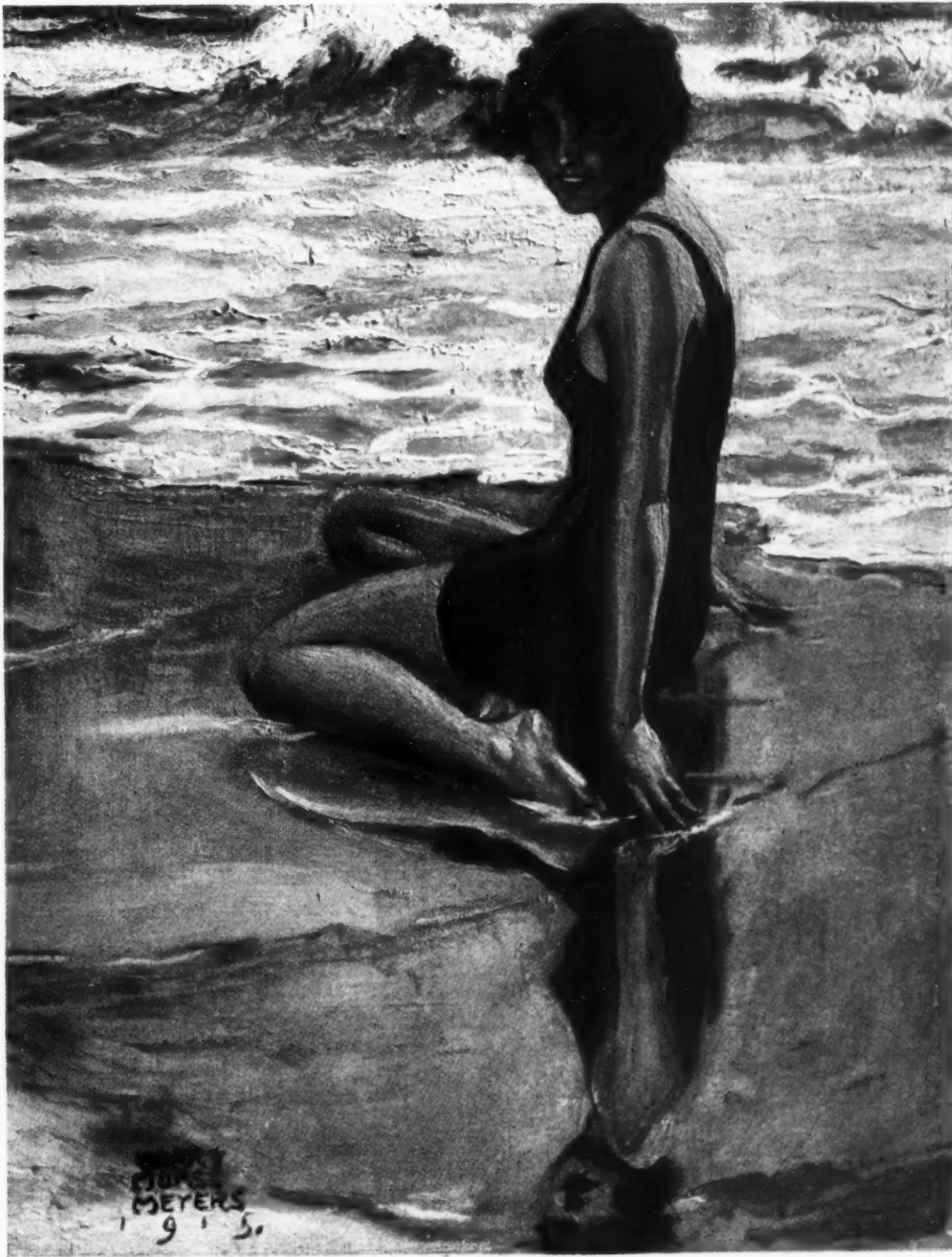


Suck

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

PRICE TEN CENTS

PAINTINGS FROM
SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION
IN THIS ISSUE



Painted by Harry Meyers

GOOD CAUSE FOR REFLECTION

Patriotic Boston

When the American intellect sets out to make itself sublimely asinine, commend us to the city fathers of Boston to accomplish the wildest flights of the ridiculous. Here's the Hub's latest:

Because the American flag figures in their cover designs, three magazines are barred from circulation here under penalty of a fine. The July number of *Modern Priscilla* shows the figure of a young girl industriously sewing an American flag. The *Youth's Companion* has withdrawn its entire issue, for its cover design showed a girl, tin horn in one hand, firecrackers in the other, and with two small flags woven in her hair. *Leslie's Weekly* featured a large American flag, with excerpts from the United States note to Germany. Under the State law regarding advertising, Police Superintendent Crowley contends that the flag is used to attract attention and secure sale of the magazines. Even a glass paper weight with a picture of the American flag in it cannot be sold or given away in this State.

—News Item.

Since Boston has undertaken to enshroud the identity of Old Glory in mystery, we fondly expect some day to hear of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company gravely parading out to a drum-head election on the Common behind a Chinese flag, under the impression that it was the emblem for which their forefathers fought. We propose a revision of the famed Betsy Ross painting, for Massachusetts consumption, featuring an entirely new national emblem, in the design of which the Gypsy Moth and Codfish, rampant, occupy positions of honor.

A Newspaper Dictionary

Appropriate Exercises.—What the celebration opened with.

Good-Natured Crowd.—People out on election night.

Firm, Clear Tones.—What the bride uttered the responses in.

Heart of the Business Section.—District threatened by the fire. (See under control.)

Land Office Business.—What the charity bazaar did. (See pretty girls.)

Luscious Bivalve.—What the pearl was found in. (See poor shoemaker.)

Musical Circles.—What the hostess is prominent in. (See artistic interpretation.)

Pool of Blood.—What the body was lying in.

Sensational Failure.—A Wall Street bankruptcy.

Trojans.—What the men were working like.

Undercurrent of Excitement.—Something that ran through the audience. (See tense moment.)

Well-Known Southern Family.—What the bridegroom is a member of.



At Some Turn in the Road

You are Going to Meet a
Most Delicious Grain-Food

This means you haven't met it.

You cling to old ways, as we all do, until something suddenly shows a new way that's better.

Then the new way becomes the fixed way.

Whole-Grain Bubbles

The better foods are whole-grain bubbles—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—toasted and steam-exploded.

Better in taste—crisp, airy morsels, thin and flimsy, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Better as foods, because they are whole-grains made wholly digestible. Made so by Prof. Anderson's process, where every food cell is exploded.

As dainties they are irresistible.

As grain foods there is nothing to match them. No other process compares with this in fitting whole grains for food.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15¢

These foods will be your staples when you know them. They'll spoil your respect for ordinary cooking. They'll spoil your taste for breakfasts less delicious.

Then you'll serve them at night in bowls of milk, in place of bread or crackers.

You'll serve them between meals, dry like peanuts, or doused with melted butter. You'll use them in a dozen ways in place of nut meats, making them foods and confections.

Can't we induce you, for your own sake, to start now?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

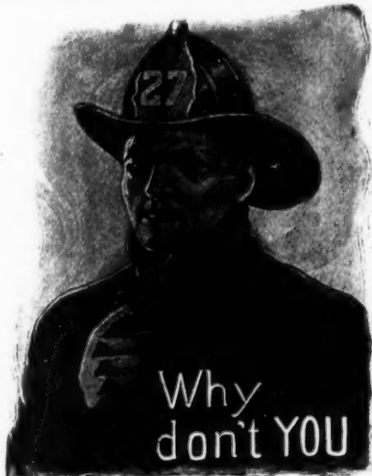
Puck

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



Be an Artist. Earn Big Money

DRAWING FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES, ETC.
All Branches of Art Taught. Our practical system of personal instruction by MAIL develops your talent; years of successful work in the hands of our efficient method. A PRACTICAL SCHOOL teaching PRACTICAL WORK.
Write for terms and lists of successful PUPILS.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, Mort. M. Burger, Director
Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City Day Classes—Evening Classes—Mail Instruction



Why
don't YOU

For Safety's Sake—Demand
CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

Removes Grease Spots Instantly
All materials without injury to fabric or color
Silk, Satin, Lace, Wool, Cashmere, Cotton,
Velour, Felt, Velvet, Lawn, Madras,
Net, Lisle, Flannel, Serge, Gauze, Chiffon.
Cleans White Kid Gloves.

Silk-Satin Slippers	Neckties	Cloth Uppers
Neckwear	Coat Collars	Furs
Feathers	Furniture Covers	Blankets
Dresses	Portieres	Veils
Parasols	Tapestries	Hosiery
Wraps	Rugs	Lingerie
Opera Capes	Carpets	Jabots
Ribbons	Piano Keys	Automobile
Coats-Cloaks	Typewriters	Apparel

Carbena Cleaning Fluid is guaranteed to clean better than dangerous benzine, naphtha and gasoline.

It does not contain any inflammable or explosive substance.

Every householder who wishes to protect the lives of the family should insist upon its use.

It has stood the test of more than fifteen years and is sold the world over.

Be an advocate of fire prevention and insist upon its use in the home, factory and workshop.

Its use is evidence that you have taken precaution against loss of life and property.

Your whole appearance is marred by a single grease spot on your clothes.

It is removed in an instant.

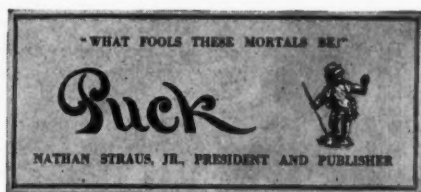
A bottle of Carbona Cleaning Fluid in the house makes it easy—buy a bottle now.

1c, 25c, 50c, \$1 Size Bottles. All Drug Stores.
Carbena Products Co., 302 W. 25th St., N. Y.

Binders for PUCK

Handsome buckram binders for the new size, sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.25

Puck Publishing Corporation
301 Lafayette Street, New York



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Next Week's PUCK

The third picture in Puck's series of art prints from the Panama-Pacific Exposition makes its appearance next week. It is by Malhoa, of Portugal, is called "O'Fado," or "Native Song," and is in many respects one of the most famous foreign canvases at the Exposition. "O'Fado" was awarded the gold medal at the International Exposition at Buenos Ayres last year, and is a thoroughly interesting and beautiful piece of color.

If you ever go to the movies you know Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps you think you have seen his antics in every conceivable pose within range of the camera. But you are wrong. It has remained for Puck to catch the popular film star in a series of poses so startling, so absolutely unthought of, that you will rub your eyes in wonderment, and ask, "Is this really Charlie Chaplin, or am I dreaming?" This is another of Puck's inimitable pages of feature photographs.

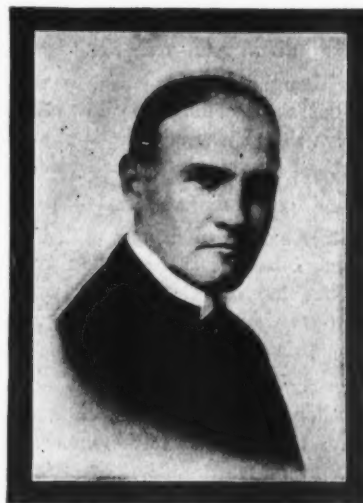
Nothing of Interest to Men

The September 25th issue of Puck will be clearly labeled "Nothing of Interest to Men." Members of the sterner sex buy it at their own risk. Let the ladies beware! Puck's keen crayon has been turned upon their fancies and furbelows, and the little imp is going to tell the truth about womankind at last.

As a quiet tip to our men friends, we would suggest that a word in the news-dealer's ear would prompt him to place a copy under the counter for you beforehand. Try it.

HOW THE NEW Smart Set

appears to Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Bunker Bean," "The Spenders," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and other successful novels, and part author (with Booth Tarkington) of "The Man from Home."



This is what Mr. Wilson wrote in the New York SUN of April 17:

"I take a dozen monthly magazines—rather desperately, because I live in the country—the first dozen you would name, some cheap, some costly, and all with one new and impudent exception, quite uniformly bad in their fiction. . . ."

And what is "the new and impudent exception"?

Mr. Wilson says it is THE NEW SMART SET.

And when it comes to fiction MR. WILSON KNOWS!

The NEW SMART SET is really new—in ownership, in tone, in cover, in contents. It is a civilized magazine for civilized readers. It costs a quarter, and it is worth every cent of it.

25c a copy \$3.00 a year



GRINAGRAMS

Sing Sing Testimonials

(From the Booklet Soon to Be Issued.)

BY JIMMY, THE EEL.

"Delighted beyond measure. It was with genuine regret that I learned of the commutation of my sentence."

BY RED MIKE.

"If the high standards set by the present management are maintained, every inmate will strive to be a lifer. You have no competitors."

BY DUTCH, THE DIP.

"I thought I knew what a prison was, but since coming to Sing Sing, I perceive that I was mistaken. You are advertised by your loving friends."

BY SLIPPERY DICK.

"Since seeing what you offer your patrons, I have decided to take up my residence in New York State and to confine my operations exclusively to State's prison offenses."

BY LOW-BROWED LEARY.

"Wherever I go I boost 'Sing Sing. Lately, I turned State's evidence and sent four of my pals to you, so great was my appreciation of what you have to offer."

BY GENTLEMAN JACK.

"If you only had a set of golf links and a polo field, your place would be perfection itself. No wonder people come back to you again and again."

BY SECOND-STORY/KE.

"Please reserve for me my old cell for the coming winter. If any deposit is required, let me know and I will gladly remit. My cell is No. 647, on the bay-window tier."

Constantinople, they say, is becoming thoroughly Germanized. The faithful now cry: "Allah is great and the Kaiser is His prophet."

A golf bug writes: "What about this German drive I see mentioned so often in the papers? And on what Polish links was it made?"

A group of Oregon Suffragists tried to snub the Hon. William Howard Taft and made rather a poor job of it. It is a difficult matter to snub all of Mr. Taft at one try.

A critic of the Annapolis Naval Academy claims that all differences be-



POISONING THE CONSTITUTION WATER

Root (to Barnes): You do it, Bill. It's too coarse work for me

tween the middies should be settled with fists, nothing more aesthetic. Does Annapolis owe no debt to civilization? At least, let it be governed by the precepts of "civilized warfare," and when a blow is struck, let notice be given by the recipient that another blow from the same fist will be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly."

"The people may not know why, but they feel that the pathway of justice is obstructed. And they are indignant, restless and dissatisfied over it, and they look to us to do something."—Elihu Root.

Despite the presence of "In God We Trust" on our coinage, the great American motto in reality is, "Somebody ought to do something about it."

"To hell with this country."

—A Hyphenated Person.

A Kultured remark.

Great Britain has taken over 190 more munition plants, making 535 in all. Government ownership is "radical" and "dangerously socialistic"

when there is nothing particular at stake, but "conservative" and "safe and sane" when *everything* is at stake. Will some one kindly explain?

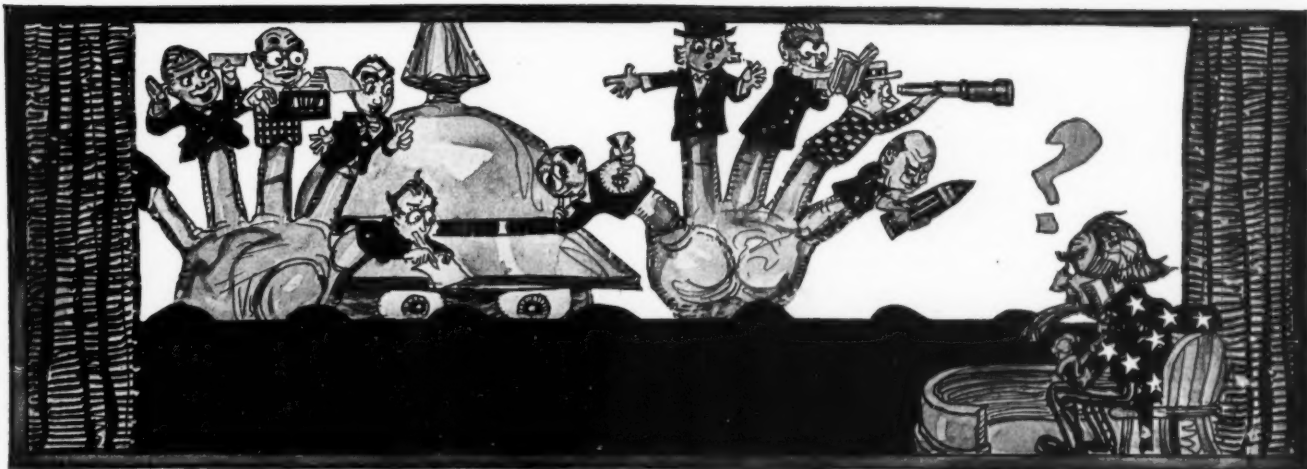
With mosquitoes so savage that they all but bit a man to death, New Jersey has only to announce a "River of Doubt," and the Mighty Hunter will drop everything and hike to her.

A pet monkey broke up a luncheon in Jersey recently, the women guests leaving in a panic. As pet monkeys are frequent visitors at Newport, we fear the women of the Jersey luncheon were not used to topnotch society.

The Villa agency announced that the Carranzistas had been routed. On the other hand, the Carranza agency announced that Villa had been so badly beaten that he had divided his forces into guerrilla bands for the purpose of prolonging the struggle.

—Washington wire.

Truth, crushed to earth in Mexico, has grave doubts if it be worth while to rise again.



THE NEWS IN RIME

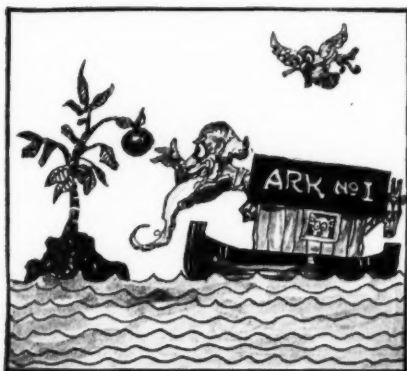
Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The Plattsburg Camp received the stamp
Of joyous approbation.
There seems to be a tendency
To resurrect the nation.
"Why bother?" say the Peaceful Prudes,
"We always can lick Hayti."
The Mexichiefs
Have pooled their griefs,
They'll soon be tete-a-tetey.

The author of the Hymn of Hate
Is sorry that he did it.
The current fad for summer gloves
Is such that we must kid it.
A flock of Teuton diplomats
May soon be asked to travel,
The Balkan plot
Is in a knot,
And Barnes received the gavel.

Sir Bryan said that he could raise
A million men by sundown,
For which the Prime Pacificist
Was most unkindly run down.
A lady sans a bathing suit
Awakened Boston's blushes,
"Back to the tub!"
Implored the Hub,
"Or, prithee, seek the rushes."



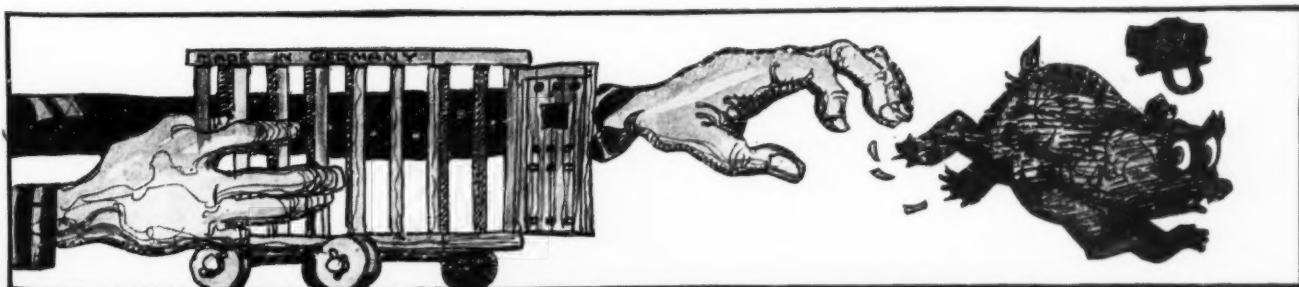
A bandit army, twenty strong,
Set out to capture Texas,
First thing we know some Esquimo
Will rise up and annex us!
It seems that Eve was innocent—
Old Noah ate the pippin.
The art folk wear
Aesthetic hair,
And Russia's map is rippin'.

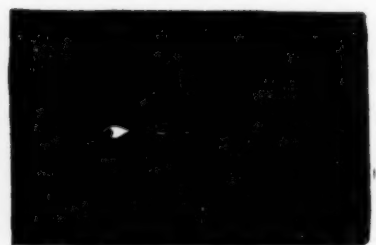


The Germans beat the Russians in
A Brooklyn Boarding mansion.
The Austro-Italy campaign
Is ruining our scansion.
We hope those towns with knitted
names
Will soon be numbered neatly,
Or we'll ignore
The whole blamed war—
And then 'twill fail completely.

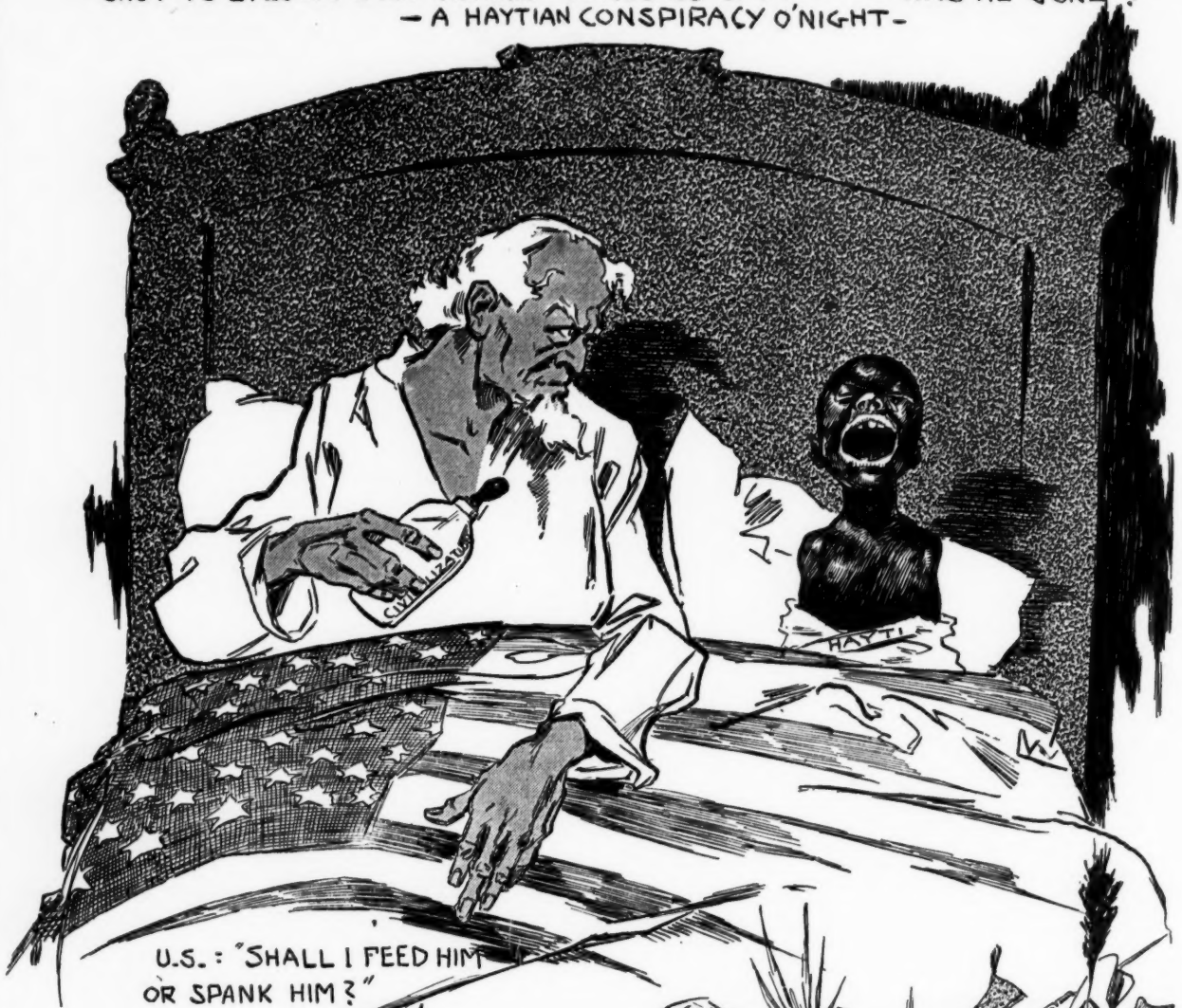
The courts say death is no excuse
For dodging alimony.
Mt. Etna and Vesuvius
Have spilled the macaroni.
Mosquitoes will not snap at you
If all your clothes are yellow,
Sir Goethals wants
To arm his haunts,
And Villa's mood is mellow.

A most hilarious young Hill
Went sliding in Culebra.
The population at the Zoo
Contains a brand new zebra.
Steam yachts are going up in price—
We trust it will not grieve you,
The Colonel's Moose
Is running loose,
And this is where we leave you.





"SHUT YO'EYES AN'STOP GRINNIN'-SOMEONE'S COMIN' - - - HAS HE GONE?"
- A HAYTIAN CONSPIRACY O'NIGHT -



U.S.: "SHALL I FEED HIM
OR SPANK HIM?"

Hy-
Mayer



BLACK OR RUSSET?



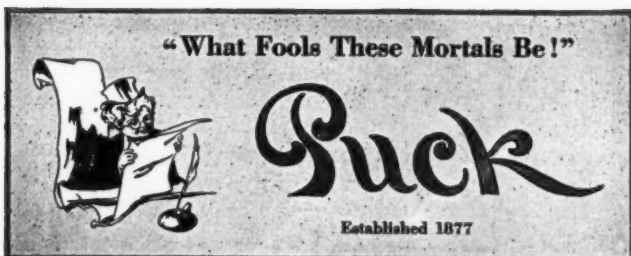
AFTERNOON TEA AT MRS. DR. BOBOS



GENERAL
BLOT-

SUCH IS LIFE IN HAYTI

BY HY MAYER



VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 2010. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

The Case of Mutt and Jeff

WE are sorry for Daniel Webster. We are sorry for Salmon P. Chase. We are sorry for William M. Evarts, and for others who are dead. Great lawyers every one of them, they passed on to the lawyers' valhalla without ever hearing of, or even suspecting, the existence of the Case of Mutt and Jeff.

THEY were born too soon, these giants of the law. They trifled away their time with such cases as came their way, and achieved, it must be admitted, a certain amount of reputation, but nothing to what might have been theirs had they dwelt and practiced in the living present, and been retained in the Case of Mutt and Jeff.

MUTT and Jeff worked for a certain metropolitan newspaper; worked hard for it. Every day, Mutt smashed Jeff's face, or hit him with a brick or a hammer or a pie. And every day, Jeff held up his face to be smashed, and was always in just the right spot to get his daily black eye or other adornment, as per schedule. This might have gone on indefinitely, with only the happiest of results, had not a bold, avaricious publisher kidnapped Mutt and Jeff and taken them, smashed faces, bricks and all, over to another metropolitan paper and kept them there, prisoners.

NATURALLY, the thing was taken to court, and eloquent lawyers and a solemn judge discussed all of Mutt and Jeff that was not irrelevant and immaterial. There could not be two Mutts and two Jeffs. To one paper or the other, the versatile pair belonged, and as one watched the ebb and flow of the tide of legal battle, one felt a pang of regret that Daniel Webster had to waste his talents on such trifles as the Dartmouth College case, and William M. Evarts, for lack of something really worth-while, fritter away his time as counsel for an impeached President.

HERE was opportunity! Picture Daniel Webster, in court, in behalf of Mutt and Jeff. Picture his flashing eye and big, resonant voice as he argues Mutt's right to smash Jeff's face, and to smash it in whatever paper sees fit to employ him. Picture Salmon P. Chase bringing sobs to a jury's throat with references to the downtrodden Jeff, and maintaining stoutly

Jeff's sacred, inalienable right to be swatted with pie or brick or hammer anywhere, *anywhere*, in the realm of printer's ink. Picture Evarts—but why continue? Why tug the heart-strings till they snap? Webster is sleeping; *he* does not know. Chase rests easily; *he* does not care. The tall form of Evarts rises no more; there are no cases on *his* calendar.

ONLY Chief Justice Marshall stirs uneasily in his grave. True enough, to Marshall belongs the distinction, the honor, of interpreting vital phases of the United States Constitution under which we live, but to Justice Bartow S. Weeks belongs the greater distinction, the greater honor, of presiding at the case of Mutt and Jeff. Lucky Weeks! Hapless Marshall!

Rock Island Humor

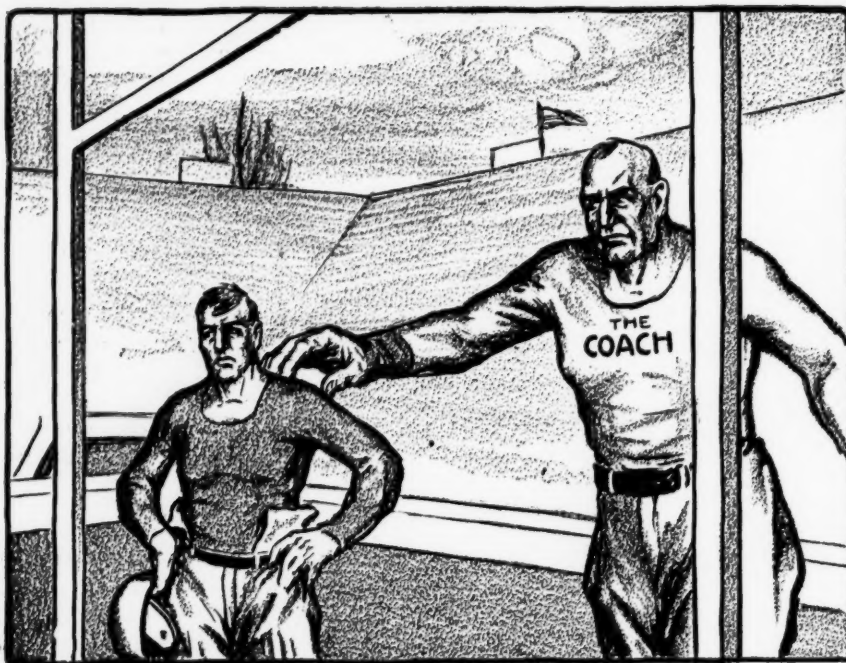
NOT condemnation, but gratitude, should be bestowed upon the wreckers of the Rock Island Railroad. They have furnished the American people—the next generation, if not the present one—with a brand new joke. True, they drove the road into a receivership and were instrumental in tumbling the stock from \$200 a share to a point around 30 cents, but this is a matter of fleeting moment. It will have no lasting significance in the minds of the American people, who dearly love a joke and who know a joke when they see one.

IT is no joke when a great railway system is driven into bankruptcy and thousands of small investors lose their savings? Oh, but it *is*. Take as an instance the celebrated case of the Erie. The Erie was exploited, plundered, wrecked, by "respectable crooks" of the sort who ditched the Rock Island, and what a source of humor the Erie has been! The fact that for forty years, more or less, it has been struggling out of the difficulties into which its exploiters plunged it, is a forgotten detail. Or if it is not forgotten, it is looked upon indulgently in consideration of the crop of side-splitting "Erie" stories which for years it has made possible. Even in the Erie's own magazine, these gems have been printed; proof that the Erie could laugh even when the joke—and *such* a joke—was on itself.

COULD and Fiske were the original Erie jesters, and their humor was of the same general character as that of Reid and Moore in the comedy of the Rock Island. Posterity, how you will laugh at those deliciously humorous "Rock Island stories!"

WE have seen it stated on seemingly good authority that the murderers of Frank were not ruffians or outcasts, but members of Georgia's "first families." It would be a refreshing bit of variety if a representative of the "middle classes" would occasionally take part in a Southern lynching.

PICKING THE SQUAD



NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME—



—BUT "HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"

Here we have two pictures, both of timely interest. At the outset of the football season, both are of especial interest to college men. The football coach goes among the undergraduate body and picks out for service only those who are exceptionally fit. His needs can be supplied only by those who are already "there" in a physical sense. If Uncle Sam were as welcome at college as the football coach, he would give the whole undergraduate body a chance for development. He would "make" men, not merely hunt for those already made. If they will but get the idea that modern military training means something vastly more interesting and practical than a tinsel dress-parade once a day—which is the average college man's notion—college men will be on the highroad to help in the great work of national defence. The game of which Uncle Sam is willing to be coach is fully as fascinating as football, and just a shade more important.

A Matter of Yards

BATTLE-REPORTING AND FOOTBALL-REPORTING ARE ONE AND THE SAME

Allies try the German right wing and fail to gain. First down.

Allies go through the German left for a gain of one yard. Second down.

Allies make ten yards on a forward pass of shrapnel.

Germany breaks through Allies' line and downs them for a twenty-yard loss.

Germany's "Black Maria." (War-term for Ball.) Circles Allies' right end behind interference of liquid fire for a gain of six yards.

Goes through left side for two.

Tries center and fails to gain.

On a trick play (fake flag of truce) Germany makes twenty yards.

Delayed pass of "Black Maria" nets Germany ten yards more, the contestants lining up on the Allies' twenty-five-yard line.

Germany penalized five yards for off-side play. With the bayonet.

Allies break through with knives and fists and get the "Black Maria" on their thirty-yard line.

Exchange of shell-punts, Allies gaining fifteen yards on the exchange.

Allies' cheering section now in uproar. Band is playing, "Here's to Good Old Joffre."

Allies hit the German center for half a yard. Man hurt.

Play resumed. Allies try German left end and are run out of bounds without gain.

Germany spoils forward pass of shrapnel and gets "Black Maria."

Germany kicks on the first down; then stops game for twenty minutes while Iron Crosses are distributed among the players.

Germany's cheering section goes mad. Band is playing, "It's a Way We Have at Old Potsdam to Drive Dull Care Away."

Game resumed. Allies are penalized five yards for holding in the Line.

Germany's "Black Maria" on downs.

Germany playing a kicking game, the wind being in her favor. Sends "Black Maria" sixty-five yards down the field in a high spiral.

One of Allies' backfield catches it on his own ten-yard line and dodging the onrushing Germans, runs it back through a broken field to—

(For news of ultimate touchdown, keep your eyes on the war reports in the daily papers.)

A girl isn't an old maid until she begins to worry for fear she won't get married; a man isn't an old bachelor until he begins to worry for fear he will.



ANOTHER SUBMARINE ENGAGEMENT

Ananias was the original "prominent man who did not care to have his name mentioned."

Poetry is the art of putting words together in such a way as to give them their least possible commercial value.

An epigram is the way a platitude looks to the fellow who has just got it off.

The Preacher in Fiction

J. K. Huysmans wrote that in the land of Literature

there are no schools; no idealists, realists, symbolists; only good or bad writers. Whistler said the same concerning painters. Setting aside the somewhat narrow technical viewpoint of this dictum, we fancy, however, that our "best sellers" do not preoccupy themselves with the "mere writing" (or typewriting) of their shining fiction. But they certainly have developed to alarming lengths the faculty of preaching, the gift of moralizing gab. Old-fashioned fiction that disclosed a personal charm, that delineated character, or stirred the pulse of tragedy, has almost vanished from the lists of publishers. Wherefore? Aren't there as many charming and talented persons perambulating the rind of our planet as there were when Jane Austen, Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Bronte lived and wrote? We refuse to believe there are not. What we do believe is, that there is no longer a market for the display of such special talent. The novel with a purpose and a "punch"—odious expression!—usually an unpleasant purpose, has usurped the throne of the novel of manners. Boanarges, the blatant, not Balzac, is now the boss of fiction.

What Henry James Says

It has been asserted by Henry James that all life is the province of fiction. The still, small garden wherein is tenderly reared a solitary exquisite flower does but faintly represent the vaster, more complicated forest of common humanity. Now the ivory tower of the cultured egoist is the last place to abide in; rather Zola's "La Terre," with its harsh reality than a palace of morbid art. Nevertheless, the didactic side of fiction is overdone. To be sure, many stirring books were written by novelists during the last century who were indignant because of prevalent political, social and religious abuses. The names of Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, yes, and Ouida, too, are a few prime examples. Even the gentle Thackeray laid the lash on snobbish shoulders with taste and precision.* But with his captivating stutter Charles Lamb told William Wordsworth that, poet as he was, he had preached his lifelong. What would Lamb have said to Zola, whose famous Rougon-Macquart series was, with a few exceptions, a sermon on some social evil or other? George Sand, the first of feminists, who in her writings, actions, speech and attire pushed to their logical conclusions the ideas she had imbibed from her literary sire, J. J. Rousseau; George (not Georges, please note), who could swear like a dragoon, and always smoked big, black cigars, preached from many texts, but in a smooth, flowing style that gracefully masked the issues. Flaubert, master of objectivity, yet the most subjective of writers, aimed—as did Swift—his satiric shafts at the eternal stupidities of mankind. But he always hid his pulpit. It is not so much the subject-matter of our younger fiction writers (of course, we refer to the serious-minded, not to the varnished butterflies) as it is their method of setting forth their theses that is open to suspicion. Like the knife-grinder in the play, they have no story to tell. Why, then, fiction? Why not join the brave and numerous brigade of pamphleteers? One of William de Morgan's claims upon the admirers of old-fashioned fiction is his return to now

THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HUNEKER



much-scorned antique technical ways. His manner is a leisurely one, even a laborious one; yet inevitably he spills his story. Our Winston Churchill is a serious writer of fiction, he is not afraid to be dull; but he always preaches. So does the scintillating Marie Corelli; so the grandiloquent Hall Caine. Without a pulpit, without a "burning wrong" to be righted, with all his wit Bernard Shaw would be a jester out of a job. His plays are vivid tracts, his novels tracts that are trackless. The other principal lay preachers in

England are Chesterton and Wells. Both are entertaining. George Moore has manifest personal charm, but the lay preachers have proclaimed him a danger to morals. Besides, he has no socialistic shibboleth, no "aim"; in a word, a literary artist. And, considering some of the social novels written by H. G. Wells—much more unreal than his wonder-tales of science—the charge against Mr. Moore borders on the comical.

Thackeray gives us quality. His prose is compact with charm, while the kindly nature of the man peeps from behind his most cynical paragraphs. Turgenev reveals unvarying charm. Tolstoy is less so. Compare the novels of Mr. Howells with the fiction of the hour. What a falling-off there in literary power and personal charm. No doubt for those who are carrying off the sweepstakes of contemporary fiction, Mr. Howells is superannuated. Would that there were more like him in nobility of artistic ideals, in continence of speech, soundness in critical judgment, and delicacy of perception in characterization. Our robust lay preachers are so busy making converts to what they believe to be Socialism that they forget fiction is a fine art, that life itself may be made an art. These juvenile Paul Prys, following the brutal methods of Zola, are endeavoring to arouse mass against class. It is an old trick of the enemy. When all fruit fails welcome haws. When you have nothing to write about, then attack your neighbor, especially if he hath a much coveted vineyard. The rich are always in the wrong. There goes a millionaire, heave a half brick at him! How else could he have got his money except by robbing the poor! (Though he is usually the son of the poor—some barefoot boy who had more brains, more application than his neighbors.) Take a sail around our harbor, then write a sloppy, sentimental appeal to the "downtrodden" who have "created" all this wealth for the few. Stir up the workingman, particularly when he is on a good "job," and force him to strike. It makes for the happiness of his needy family, doesn't it? We wish that Socialistic penmen would adopt the motto of Max Stirner: "Mind your business!" Ours would be a more pleasant world to dwell in then.

Who will write a second "Chevalier of Pensièri Vuni"? Not Henry B. Fuller himself can repeat that charming and leisurely excursion into Arcadia. If you haven't read the adventures of the artistic Chevalier, then let me advise you to do so. After finishing them you will certainly pro-

Mr Fuller's Masterpiece

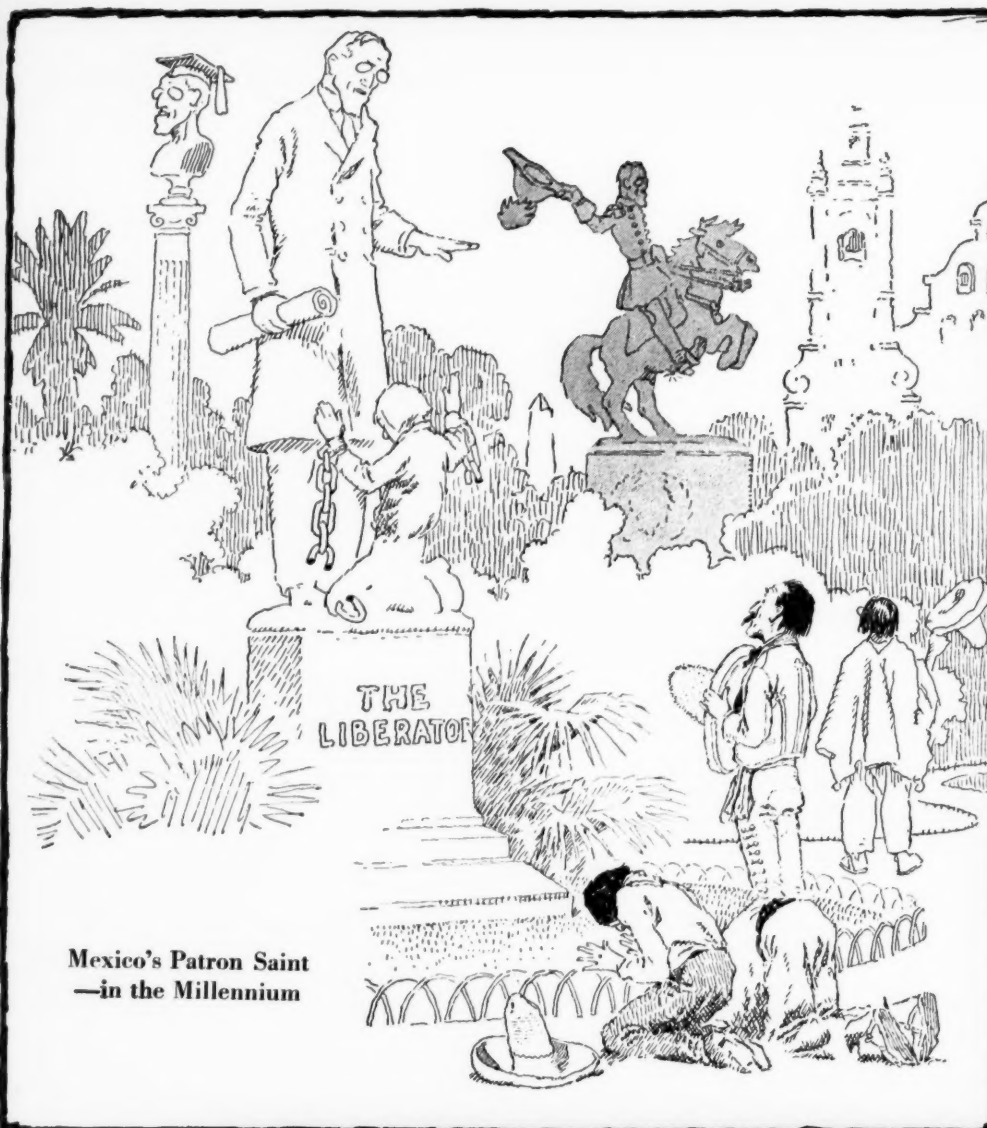
(Continued on page 21.)



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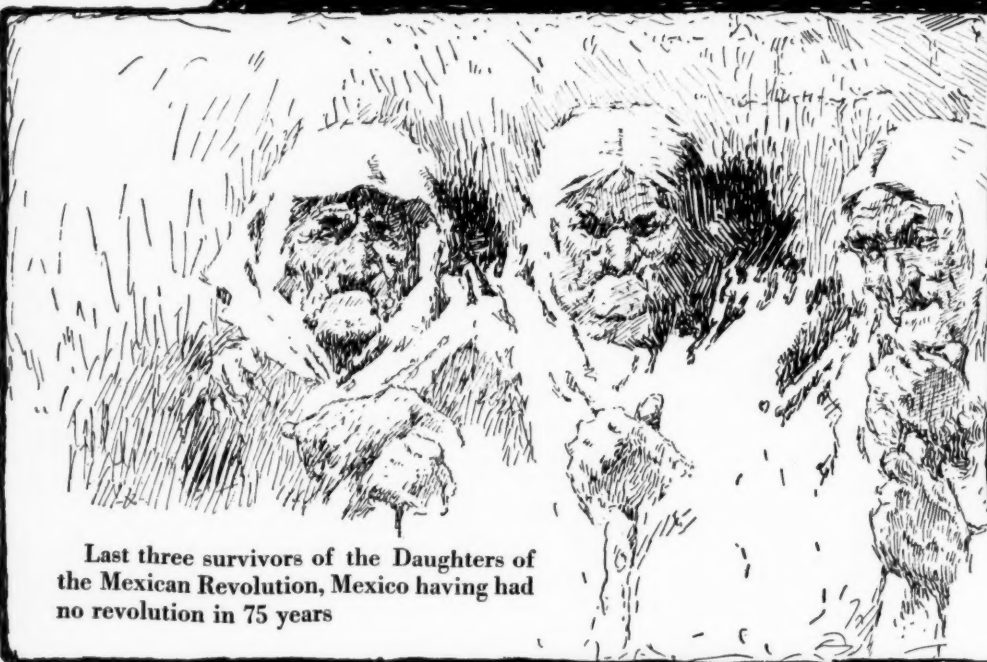
DAY DREAMS



Mexico's Patron Saint
—in the Millennium



"Hurt but a hair of this Bull's head,
And I'll have your outfit pinched," she said

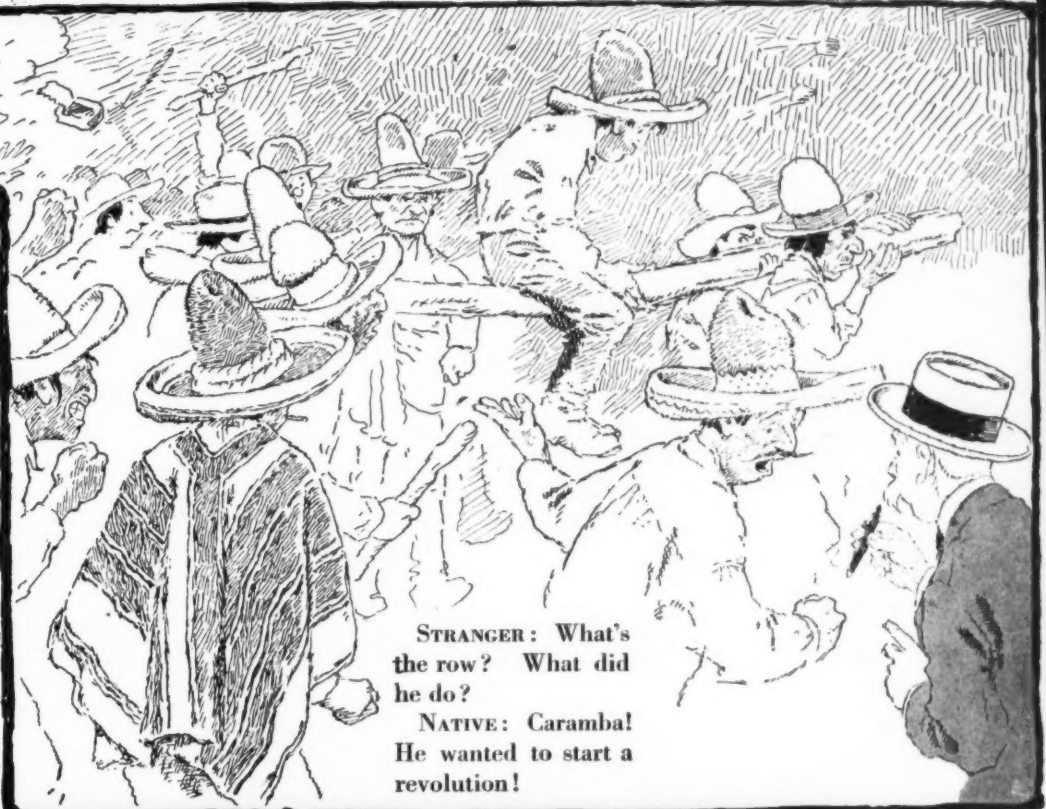


Last three survivors of the Daughters of
the Mexican Revolution, Mexico having had
no revolution in 75 years

IN THE MEXICAN MIL
When the Villas cease from troubling and



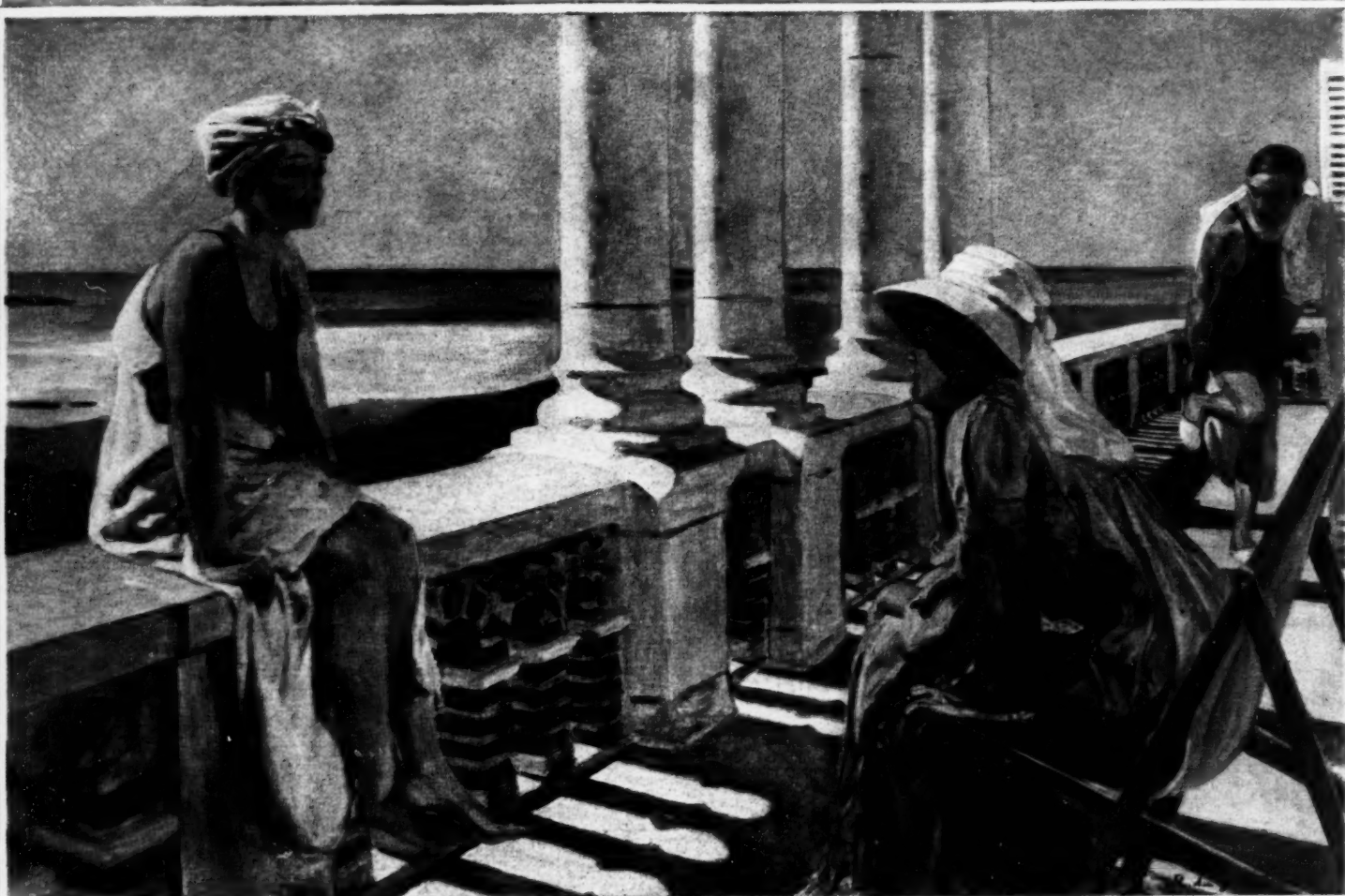
head,
d," she said



STRANGER: What's
the row? What did
he do?
NATIVE: Caramba!
He wanted to start a
revolution!



Absolutely, the
last word in
millennial hap-
penings



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Painted by R. du Garai, of France

UNUSED TO GOOD SOCIETY

"My brother married a chorus girl, despite everything our family could do"

"Indeed? What was she like?"

"Horribly vulgar. She actually struck my husband, the Duke, when he tried to kiss her"



The Witch's Caldron

The only faults we object to in others are the ones that work to our own disadvantage.

Some people have to be cranked up every day—others are self-starters.

A man with a clean collar and a toothbrush in his pocket can go to the seashore and have a better time than some women with four trunks.

It was the end of a busy day in the Absolute Film Company's office. The Director had just given her weekly check for \$210,000 to Mazie Jones, his star.

An intelligent looking young man rushed in. "I've got a wonderful idea for a scenario," he said. "Save it," said the director, sadly. "We can't use one in a scenario."

Why is it that a cool nod from the back seat of a Pierce-Arrow gives more satisfaction than a wild wave from the front seat of a Ford?

When you feel like "viewing with alarm," take something for your liver.

All men are good—the things men do are good and bad.

Ambition is a wild bucking horse that keeps going until he throws his rider.

A conscientious man is one who is always able to tell whether he is tired or just lazy.

Hypocrisy is the toll fee on the bridge of polite vice.

Free advice to Russia: Consider the case of the green apple. It never does its best fighting till it's down.

The will of the people—a sweeping gesture—a moving peroration—the opposite of what you and I think.

If you lose your temper, keep your tongue.

—C. Roy Dickinson.



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

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WAR EXPEDIENTS DISGUIISING SHELLS FOR SHIPMENT IN NEUTRAL VESSELS



IN WHOLESALE QUANTITY

"You're prejudiced, I think. Mr. Fatleigh is the salt of the earth"
"Perhaps; but he shapes up so much like a bag of it"

The Heroine Was Pretty

BY HENRY JAMES:

It was not, even in one's accessions of pessimism (no matter how bitter), to be denied, or, for the matter of that, even mildly questioned, that she had pulchritude of no mean order. A certain—what shall one say?—(feminine attractiveness is so elusive of definition!) charm, perhaps, was the intangible concomitant, as it were, of all—and even her nose, so patently a heritage, in contour, from her drunken father, was no exception—her features.

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS:

Her voice, at times, was like a flashing, plashing, mischievous little brook. And at other times it was like care free young angels giggling joyously and ringing the purest little, dearest little silver bells. And her eyes were as the blue, blue sky, newly scrubbed and put out to dry. And her mouth was the teeniest, squeniest little mouth that ever was, always in a rose-budy pucker distracting enough to make the glum-mest, sourest, gloweringest, woman-hatingest Man stop dead in his tracks and quiver all over. And when she smiled, oh, so roguishly, you thought you saw the whitest, pricelesst collection of pearls in all the length and breadth of the world, and lo, they were her teeth!

BY JOSEPH CONRAD:

Somewhere up that black, gleaming reach of water, on whose banks the crocodiles frisked and whickered under the remote, pitilessly blue sky; back in the impenetrable jungles, a girl await-

ed him, sombrely handsome, steady eyed, brooding . . . alone.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS:

Fearlessly, she had turned her brilliant, scintillating, sparkling, coruscating, college bred face to the menacing world, gallantly repelling each dread grope of its tentacles with a flashing bon mot, superbly rebuffing its satyr-like leer with dazzling repartee.

BY GERTRUDE STEIN:

She had looks. She had. She had looks. Of that there was no question. She had looks. Looks was, or were, what she had. She had looks. Perhaps she had other things. But she had looks. Yes. She had looks. No doubt of that. What she had was looks. Looks, she had. She had looks. Many of them.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH:

What mortals denominated her skin was as earliest morning, when Phoebus thrusts his rayed forehead over the horizon's verge questing the day-fleeing Diana. But her eyes were the night, at that Etheopie hour when Venus beckons most alluring, when the night flidderchirp pipes shrill in the crepuscular dales, and pipes again, and being answered not, pipes again. Even as the pure, star-aspiring wall of Parnassus was her brow, and the Parian sculpture of her neck was some Parian sculpture.

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT:

Her exquisitely moulded form, yielding to the touch, yet girlishly firm, perfect in its ravishing, rounded outlines

but with no suggestion of the voluptuous, her coral lips, her hair of purest gold, her peaches-and-cream cheeks, the beautiful full alabaster column of her neck, as well as an indescribable something about her that made it impossible for every normal man not to fall in love with her at first sight, all stamped her as different from the conventional heroine.

—Lee Pape.

The woman was in her nightrobe, and she shrank back when the brave fireman came to carry her from the burning building.

"I'm not dressed!" she protested.

With great presence of mind he handed her a pair of shears.

"Cut a foot or so off the neck of that garment and you'll be all right!" quoth he, brusquely.

"These leases are getting fierce," declared the first cave-dweller.

"That's right," chimed in the second cave-dweller, "Our landlord won't let us keep ichthyosauri, dodos, sabretoothed tigers, or pterodactyls."

FRIEND: How's business going these days?

PROMOTER: Flourishing. We've just added two more stories to the rubber stamp of our thirty-eight-story building.

BEDADD (of Bedadd & Bedamm) Think we ought to put more ginger into our act?

VAUDEVILLE MANAGER: No; formaldehyde.

CUSTOMER (having face steamed): Gee whiz! that towel is hot!

BARBER: Yes, I know; but I couldn't hold it any longer.

After you have paid the architect's and contractor's bills, however, and take a good look at it, you may be inclined to regard it as a buncolow.



THE GREATER CALAMITY

EUROPEAN: Our war is terrible. I know of a Colonel who commanded a regiment of 1000 privates and lost half of them in one battle

MEXICAN: That's nothing compared with our war. I know of one private who was commanded by 1000 Generals and lost 750 of them in one battle

For Newspaper Photographers

I.—If you have any lingering idea that you are a gentleman, forget it, completely when you go out on an assignment.

II.—Get the picture.

III.—If the subject is a nice young woman who is very decent to you, make a photo that will cause her to resemble the Hag of Endor.

IV.—Get the picture.

V.—Where there has been death and horror and grief, be sure to enter as cheerfully as possible, smoking a cigarette, and airily throwing aside any of the bereaved who may be at all in your way.

VI.—Get the picture.

VII.—If you can thrust your camera in the face of the woman who has begged you, with tears, not to photograph her, and get a picture of the tears, the art department will give you a word of praise.

VIII.—Get the picture.

IX.—In taking photos of mobs, always wait until there are only some small boys present. Nobody ever saw a newspaper picture of a riot that contained anything but boys, and tradition must be upheld.

X.—Get the picture.

XI.—Photographing an aviator without his cigarette will be reason for immediate discharge. This rule is inviolable.



SPEAK FOR IT

"Oh, won't you please come down? Can't you see the little dear is begging?"

XII.—Get the picture.

XIII.—Prominent men should always be taken squinting toward the sun; it adds individuality to the result.

XIV.—Get the picture.

XV.—In case of failure to get the noted divorcée's picture, snap her maid. The art department will fix it up.

XVI.—Get the picture.

XXVII.—Remember, that the office doesn't care if you do violate all the rules of common decency, politeness, courtesy, humanity and charity. You're hired to.

XVIII.—Get the picture. XIX. Get the picture. XX. GET THE PICTURE.

Parlor Car Diversion

"Porter," said the fussy lady in the parlor car, "I wish you would open this window."

The lady in the seat directly across the car heard the request and drew a cloak about her.

"Porter, if that window is opened," she snapped testily, "I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I shall surely suffocate."

The porter stood timidly between the two fires.

"Porter," remarked the commercial traveler, "your duty is very plain. Open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other."

"I wish to make one comment on the statement so frequently made that we must stand by the President. I heartily subscribe to this on condition, and only on condition, that it is followed by the statement so long as the President stands by the country."

—T. R.

"The country" of which the Colonel speaks is bounded on the north by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, on the east by Cold Spring Harbor, on the south by bags of aniseed and on the west by the Octagon Hotel.

A cult is the way a superstition looks from the inside.



THE PIRATES OF THE PAST

"That Kaiser fellow would make a horse laugh, mateys! He thinks he has something new in Kultur. Why, we practiced Kultur two centuries ago and didn't know it!"



WAR IS NOT ALWAYS HELL

CHATTY NEIGHBOR: I suppose you don't stand for any war arguments among your boarders?
BOARDING HOUSE MISTRESS: Oh, yes. You see, our biggest eater gets so interested that he forgets to eat and our next biggest eater gets so mad that he leaves before the meal is half over

Lloyd George, His Job

A WORKING DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH MUNITION MAKER

7 A. M.—Starts for his work. Stops at the *Blue Mug Arms* for a pint of bitter. Starts again.

7.30.—Begins work.

7.52.—Decides he needs a brief holiday and goes for another pint of bitter, this time to the *Purple Monkey*.

8.15.—Returns under self-protest and resumes work.

8.20.—Begins operations on a cap pistol.

10.20.—Finishes cap pistol, all except the barrel, stock and trigger, and begins work on a Roman candle.

10.21.—Thirsty.

10.22.—Thirstier.

10.23.—Desperately thirsty.

10.24.—Mentions fact to 'Arry at the next bench. 'Arry suggests a trip to the *Boob's Head* for a pint of 'alf an' 'alf.

10.24½.—The start for the *Boob's Head*.

10.25.—The arrival.

10.26.—The 'alf an' 'alf.

10.55.—Returns to work much refreshed and resumes labor on Roman candle.

11.46.—Finishes Roman candle, and looks at clock.

11.46 to 11.59.—Looking at clock and getting ready to quit.

Noon.—Quits.

12.01.—Starts for the *Pig and Whistle* for a pint of bitter to relieve the exhaustion of the morning.

12.03.—Gets it, and can't make up his mind whether to return to work at 1.30 or 2.30. Imbibes another pint of bitter and decides to make it 2.30.

12.04 to 2.30.—Perfect peace.

2.31.—Returns to work and notifies foreman that to-morrow he expects to take a holiday and go punting on the blooming river.

2.32.—Foreman says make it Wednesday and he'll go with him. Suggests they row to the *Yellow Dog*, forty miles up the river and back, just a nice day's outing. Approval of foreman's suggestion, almost with energy.

2.35.—Starts speeding up work on munitions, Lloyd George, or somebody or other, having said something or other to that effect.

2.36.—Goes into second speed.

2.37.—Very tired.

2.40.—Almost all in.

2.41.—Wishes he'd decided to return to work at 4 o'clock instead of 2.30, then he'd have time to run down to the *Lion and the Microbe* for a pint of bitter.

2.42.—Decides to run down, anyway.

2.42½.—Starts.

2.43.—Arrives.

2.43½.—Absorbs.

2.45.—Sits on settle outside the door and discusses the war with a local veteran of the Crimea.

2.46.—Offers to stand the veteran a pint of bitter. Offer accepted.

2.47 to 3.15.—Tells veteran in detail how war should be conducted. Also, what he'd do if he was in that bloke Kitchener's plyce.

3.16.—Considers it most time to get back to work.

3.40.—Returns to work and begins "speeding up" again.

3.57 to 4.25.—Makes a pint of bird-shot.

4.26.—Falls exhausted off bench.

4.29.—Sympathetic mates gather round him and prop him up. In response to anxious inquiries, intimates weakly that a pint of 'alf an' 'alf would restore him to perfect health.

4.29½.—Fourteen sympathetic mates start at once for the *Rat's Head Arms* for a pint of 'alf an' 'alf.

5.20.—Fourteen sympathetic mates not yet returned.

5.22.—Victim goes in search of them.

5.39.—Finds six sympathetic mates at the *Rat's Head Arms*.

5.49.—Finds five sympathetic mates at the *Pickled Onion*.

5.55.—Finds last three sympathetic mates at the *Cheese and Toby*. All deeply concerned.

5.56.—In the middle of a pint of bitter, he recalls that the works close at six, and that he has but four minutes to get back if he is to quit when the whistle blows.

5.56½.—Still time for another pint. Has one.

5.58.—Starts for the works.

5.59.—Arrives.

6.00.—Quits for the day.

As soon as they were become a little better acquainted, Adam took the new woman out to see the sights. And first they repaired to a neighboring height of land, where they stood awhile in rapt silence, contemplating the world and all.

At length Eve drew a deep, quivering breath, an act which seemingly indicated an undefined disappointment.

"And that's creation?" quoth she, with a rising inflection.

"Precisely, my love," replied Adam, smiling at her amiably.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the first mother. "I supposed a creation was something to wear on your head."

The heathen betrayed some irritation when we lodged our demand for indemnity.

"And is this the religion of the Prince of Peace?" they sneered.

"Of peace with honor!" replied we, keeping our temper admirably.

Vers Libre

In the heyday of authorship, before the publisher learned to pay by the word instead of by the page, the popular dime novel was generally constructed after this pattern:

Zip!
Old Sleuth crouched low!
Bang!
Bang!
Bang!
Bang!
Bang!
Six shots rang out!

Here were nine perfectly good lines of "copy," and only a few more such lines were needed to fill the page.

Unfortunately, poets are still paid by the line. Hence, "Seals," by Nathan Haskell Dole, in the August *North American Review*:

The beach ends abruptly in a spiked point
Over which have torn for ages,
Unwearying, mighty toppling waves.
Often I watch arise
From the green translucent waters beyond,
Round, black, glistening heads with canny
eyes:—
For a moment they stare at me in mute
surprise,
Then noiselessly disappear.
Do they go tell their mates,
Huddled in deep, safe, kelp-curtained caves,
Of a strange white animal which, in fran-
tic rages,
Runs up and down the sands
Shouting and tossing unwebbed hands
And dives with a thunderous splash
Into the swirling white-crested breakers?

Puck believes in conservation, especially of white paper. Without its Whitmanesque trappings, "Seals" becomes:

The beach ends abruptly in a spiked point, over which have torn for ages, unwearying, mighty toppling waves. Often I watch arise from the green translucent waters beyond, round, black, glistening heads with canny eyes. For a moment they stare at me in mute surprise, then noiselessly disappear. Do they go tell their mates, huddled in deep, safe, kelp-curtained caves, of a strange white animal, which, in frantic rages, runs up and down the sands, shouting and tossing unwebbed hands, and dives with a thunderous splash into the swirling white-crested breakers?

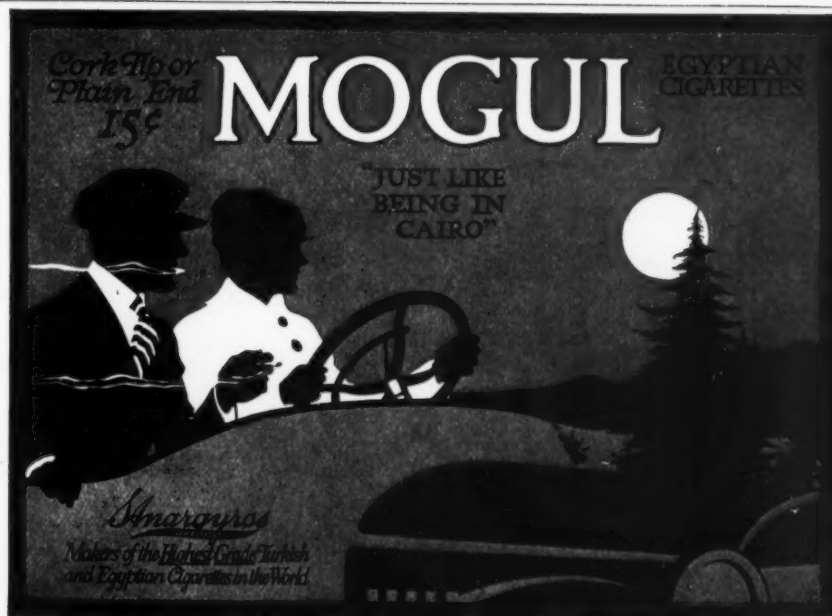
We'll leave it to Colonel Harvey if we haven't said identically the same thing, using the same words, at a saving of four lines.

Why *vers libre*?

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.



Robert Morris—"Financier of the Revolution"

IT has been said the three very great men of our War for Independence were Washington, Franklin and Morris. In the history of mankind no man ever had a more arduous commission than did Morris in financing the armies of Washington. The credit of the nation was practically valueless and time after time it was the personal credit of Morris which brought forth the money. The financial means raised from his own private resources made the victory at Trenton possible. When Washington proposed the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, it was from Morris, the patriot and private citizen, and not from the Treasury of the Confederate States from which the money came. Thus Washington's last great victory was made possible and the long and bloody struggle for National Independence brought to an end. Morris was the first to suggest our present system of national banks—the best banking system that any nation has ever known. He was the first American

to send a ship forth flying the Stars and Stripes. Like Franklin, he signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He was very hospitable, and whenever Washington visited Philadelphia he was the guest of Morris. He was ever a moderate user of light wines and barley brews and opposed Prohibition Laws, which make the many suffer for the faults of the few. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley malt and Saazer hop brews which the wisdom of Morris knew make for real temperance. To-day at the home of BUDWEISER 7500 people are daily required to meet the natural public demand. BUDWEISER'S ever-increasing popularity comes from quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.



Budweiser
Means Moderation.



Lost in the Wilds

Yes, they were lost. There could be no doubt of that on any score.

For hours and hours, for an eternity, it seemed, they had beaten aimlessly about in the trackless underbrush, seeking in vain for a path.

Several times false hopes buoyed them up, and led them to believe that at last they had come to a clearing. But, no, each time it proved to be but a slight thinning out of the wild wood, and beyond it the wilderness seemed denser than before.

Then of a sudden, just as one of them with the other's aid was about to climb a tree, he spied something which caused him to give a shrill shriek of delight. Dashing into the brambles, heedless of their scratches, they came upon a sign on a post of rotted wood.

"At last!" they cried in unison, "this will give us some notion of where we are. We cannot be far from civilization's haunts when there are sign-posts in the woods. Quick! What does it say?"

With trembling eagerness they tore off the sign-board in its thick coat of creeping vine, and then, as their eyes took in the full meaning of the faded and weather-stained lettering, the two unfortunates gave vent to groans of the deepest despair.

"There is no hope for us," they sobbed. "We must live on roots and herbs or else die. We have strayed much too far from the haunts of men ever to hope of finding our way out or of being rescued."

For, lo! the sign that fazed them would have fazed anybody. It read:

BUY LOTS HERE NOW BEFORE
THE NEW SUBWAY IS BEGUN.

THE VILLAGE GROCER (*peevishly*):
Look here, Aaron! What makes you
put the big apples on the top of the
bar'l?

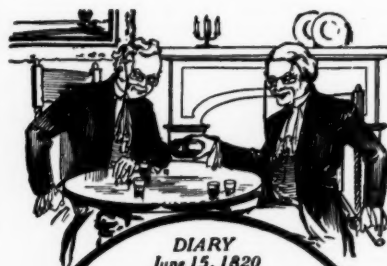
THE HONEST FARMER (*cheerily*):
What makes you comb that long scalp-
lock over your bald spot?

THE ANGEL CHILD: Mother, I've been
wondering about something.

MOTHER: What do you wonder, child?

THE ANGEL CHILD: I wonder if the
first parasol was made from an um-
brella's rib?

There are compensations in all
things. When women get the suffrage
they won't want to be moving all the
time, for fear of losing their votes.



DIARY
June 15, 1820
After court adjourned,
I brought the Judge home
to dine. We related many a witty
anecdote after dinner over our bottle of
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ences with rod, dog,
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The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10.)

cure the sequel, "The Chatelaine of La Trinité." That two such books as these, and their several successors, should have been written by an American seems incredible—I mean in the face of the charmless, vulgar, uncultured, ill-written stuff that now thrills our very credulous public, a public brought up on canned food, canned politics, canned religion, canned ideals, canned music, art, literature, and the "movies"; living a canned life, dying a canned death and given a canned funeral—what can we expect from such a source! The very question is uncanny. One of the attractions of Mr. Fuller's books is that the author does not try to "prove" something; a reprehensible omission in the eyes of the earnest bores who infest the shelves of libraries with books which are not books. Despite his Scotch preaching blood, Robert Louis Stevenson contrived to lay the emphasis on his personal and literary charm. In his earlier novels, John Galsworthy is the pure artist, as is always Joseph Conrad. But Galsworthy was bitten by Socialism, by the "brotherly" humbug, and his art suffered. The younger group, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, and a few others, while patterning too much after Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, are, nevertheless, free from the literary heresy of didacticism. At times Dostoevsky preached too much; so did Tolstoy, but Turgenev never. A type of the perfect artist, Turgenev. But who takes him for a model in these days when the old dime-novel has been elevated to the dignity of a sport? The heart of the Russian may be a dark place, as Dostoevsky says; it also has its moralizing spot. But can't art be serious, must fiction only amuse, not elevate? Precisely. We find neither pleasure nor "elevation" in the majority of novels, especially in those that lay down the law on the sordid theme of social reform. The late William James put the case in a nutshell when he said "the whole atmosphere of present-day Utopian literature tastes mawkish and dishwatery to people who still keep a sense for life's more bitter flavors." The best lay preacher is the hen that cackles after depositing her egg in the nest. Our lay preachers in fiction preach, but they can't produce so useful a thing as an egg, though, as a rule, they are hen-minded.

REPORTER: How shall I handle this mad dog story?

CITY EDITOR: Make it snappy.

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Where's He Going Next?

I knew him fifteen years ago
 When he came to America to dodge
 conscription;
 He was a sentimental boob,
 And blubbered with gratitude when he
 got work;—
 He finally got a job as helper in a
 delicatessen store,
 And saved his coin,
 And after five years was a partner in
 the shop;
 The business prospered,
 And he built a house and married a
 good, thick girl;
 For thirteen years his favorite line of
 talk to his trade
 Was slobbering appreciation
 Of what America had done for him
 and his.
 Yesterday I saw, and heard, the man
 again.
 His broad, flat peasant feet spread well
 apart,
 His chest and stomach thrust forward,
 And his head wagging with a sense of
 his own importance,
 He was cursing America,
 Insulting the American flag,
 Boasting of the sinking of the *Lusi-*
tania,
 And because no one in the crowd about
 him
 Thought it worth while to risk getting
 pinched
 For poking him in the slats,
 He thought his hearers all were cow-
 ards.
 This thought made him braver,
 And he expatiated at length on just
 how greatly he felt
 Disgraced at being an American citizen.
 It never got into his skull
 That he was merely a sort of obscene
 show
 That right Americans look at in won-
 der—
 The kind of phenomenon that men ob-
 serve, say little of, and little to,
 And pass on puzzling about.
 Perhaps you can understand his men-
 tal processes, if any—
 I can't.
 I have a theory, though, that his com-
 parative prosperity
 Has gone to his head
 And that he thinks he is the Kaiser,
 Just as the Kaiser thinks himself God.
 Poor burbling slob,
 Where he came from a Prussian officer
 Would cut him down if he looked
 cross-eyed at said officer,
 So he came away—
 And now this country isn't good enough
 for him.
 Where is he going, then, I wonder?
 And why doesn't he shut up and be on
 his way?
 —Don Marquis in *The Evening Sun*.

Rumania and Bul-
 garia are two of
 the most impor-
 tant factors in the
 war. The two lit-
 tle nations block
 the way to the
 Sultan's capital.
 Arthur Ruhl bril-
 liantly pictures
 them in "The
 Road to Constantino-
 ple" in the September
 11th issue of Collier's.

He pictures Bucharest,
 the capital of Rumania,
 as the painted beauty
 driving about in the
 corner of an open Vic-
 toria. The bronzed
 mountain shepherd in
 sheepskin coat typifies Sofia,
 the capital of Bulgaria. Only
 a river separates Rumania
 from Bulgaria. Cross the
 Danube with Ruhl in
 the September 11th issue of

5¢ a copy
Collier's
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
 416 West 13th Street, New York City

Some Expressions of Opinion on Tom Watson

The *Atlanta Journal*, the leading publication of Atlanta, says:

"Tom Watson has cost Georgia more than 10,000 good and true men can rebuild in twenty years. . . . God may be able to forgive him, but Georgia will never be able to forget him and his hellish work."

Ex-Governor Slaton, of Georgia, says:

"The act was a consummate outrage, and every man engaged in the lynching should be hanged. . . . Any man or newspaper which condones this offense ought to be thrown out of the State."

Louis Marshall, member of the Constitutional Convention for the State of New York, a man familiar with every phase of the Frank case, says:

"Tom Watson is the man Georgia should hold responsible, and he should be tried for first degree murder. This is the foulest blot on civilization, and the United States should act to suppress Watson's scurrilous publication."

Not Like Other Girls

She was not like other girls.

This remark suggests that there is a story coming—a story of about thirty chapters—in which Deborah gives up the young man because her mother needs her assistance, and the young man cannot support three persons on his salary, and she mourns for him till her dying day and gives the younger women excellent advice, and is known as the sweetest, dearest soul in East Greenwich, R. I.

Not so. Nopee.

The name of this girl is not Deborah. It is Maybelle, and be sure you spell it just like that. Her mother was not hard up, because she and a shrewd legal light and a probate judge have wrenched sufficient from Maybelle's former Pa. And as for the young man—Maybelle has no acquaintance below the taxicab mark. Yet, she was not like other girls.

She went on twice a day at a vaudeville house, clad just sufficiently to keep the police unofficially interested. Everybody said she was a peach.

The difference between her and other girls was \$500 a week.

AGENT (to flat hunter): No, sir, you may go all over New York, from the Bronx to the Battery, and you won't find as fine a view as this! Some of the greatest ads. in town you can read from this window, and at night! Say, you ought to see the electric signs!

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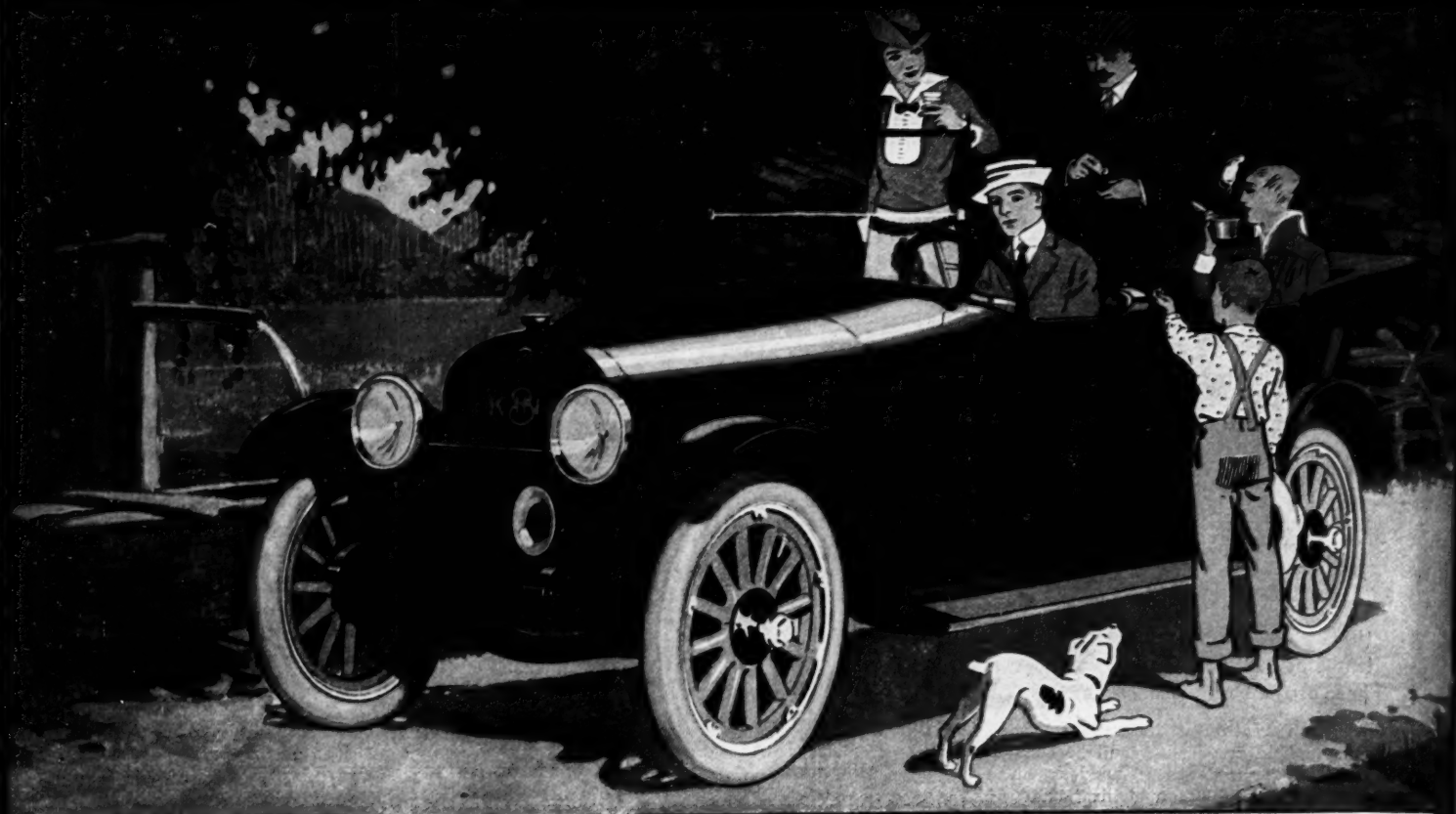
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WE are fortunate in having produced a car which enables us to break away from the trade's demoralizing practice of sudden and unseasonable announcements, which cause quick depreciation of all cars purchased during the first half of the year.

Therefore, the King Company announces this new policy for the protection of King owners and dealers: No change of price or model this year. No mid-year announcements. Either ample notice to dealers of any new announcement affecting prevailing model, or, rebate on all cars still unsold which were shipped thirty days prior to such announcement. No sacrifice of King quality for mere price reduction—but always a high grade car at a price that gives big value.

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